

POEM

Upon the Death of the Late

USURPER,
Oliver Cromwel.

By the Author of *The Hind and the Panther*.

John Dryden.

L O N D O N,

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Blake gift.

I.

And now 'tis time for their *Officious* haste,
 Who would before have born him to the Sky,
 Like *eager Romans*, e're all Rites were past,
 Did let too soon the *sacred Eagle* fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
 Joyn'd with the loud applause of publick voice ;
 Since Heav'n, what praise we offer to his name,
 Hath render'd too authentick by its choice :

III.

Though in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
 Since they whose Muses have the highest flown,
 Add not to his Immortal Memory,
 But do an Act of Friendship to their own.

IV.

Yet 'tis our Duty and our Interest too,
 Such Monuments as we can build to raise ;
 Left all the World prevent what we should do,
 And claim a *Title* in him by their Praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
 To draw a *Fame* so truly *Circular* ?
 For in a round what order can be shew'd,
 Where all the parts so *equal-perfect* are ?

VI.

His *Grandeur* he deriv'd from Heaven alone,
 For he was Great e're Fortune made him so ;
 And Wars, like mists that rise against the Sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

VII.

No borrowed Bays his *Temples* did adorn,
 But to our *Crown* he did fresh *Jewels* bring,
 Nor was his Vertue Poysoned soon as Born
 With the too early thoughts of being King.

VIII.

Fortune (that easie Mistres of the young,
 But to her ancient servants coy and hard)
 Him at that age her favourites rank'd among
 When she her best-lov'd *Pompey* did discard.

IX.

He, private mark'd the faults of others sway,
 And set as *Sea marks* for himself to shun ;
 Not like rash *Monarchs* who their youth betray
 By Acts their Age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet *Dominion* was not his design,
 We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heaven,
 Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did joyn,
 Rewards that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former Chiefs, like sticklers of the War,
 First fought t' inflame the Parties, then to poise ;
 The Quarrel lov'd, but did the Cause abhor,
 And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

XII.

War, our Consumption, was their gainful Trade,
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain :
 He fought to end our fighting, and assay'd
 To stanch the Blood, by breathing of the Vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the Land he past,
 Like that bold *Greek* who did the East subdue;

And

And made to Battels such Heroick haste,
As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought, secure of Fortune as of Fame,
Till by *new Maps* the Island might be shown,
Of Conquests which he strew'd where-e're he came,
Thick as the *Galaxy* with Stars is sown.

XV.

His *Palms*, though under weights they did not stand,
Still thriv'd; no *Winter* could his *Laurels* fade:
Heav'n in his Portraict shew'd a Workmans hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

XVI.

Peace was the Prize of all his toyls and care,
Which War had banisht, and did now restore;
Bologna's Wall thus mounted in the Air,
To Seat themselves more surely than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescued, *Ireland* to him owes,
And Treacherous *Scotland*, to no int'rest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his Arms dispose,
Her Land to Civilize as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those *Stars* which only shine,
When to pale *Mariners* they Storms portend,
He had his calmer influence; and his Mine
Did Love and Majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true his Count'nance did imprint an awe,
And naturally all Souls to his did bow;
As *Wands* of *Divination* downward draw,
And point to Beds where Sov'raign Gold doth grow.

XX.

When past all offerings to *Feretrian Jove*,
He *Mars* depos'd, and *Arms* to *Gowns* made yield,
Suc-

Successful Councils did him soon approve
As fit for close *Intrigues*, as open Field.

XXI.

To suppliant *Holland* he vouchsaf'd a Peace,
Our once bold Rival in the *British Main*,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
And buy our Friendship with her Idol, Gain.

XXII.

Fame of th' asserted Sea, through *Europe* blown,
Made *France* and *Spain* ambitious of his Love :
Each knew that side must Conquer he would own,
And for him fiercely, as for Empire strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the *French-mans* Cause embrac'd,
Than the light *Monsieur* the Grave *Don* outweigh'd :
His Fortune turn'd the Scale where it was cast,
Though *Indian Mines* were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right ;
For though some meaner Artist's Skill were shown,
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
Yet still the *fair designment* was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw,
The worth of each with its allay he knew ;
And as the *Confident* of *Nature*, saw
How the Complexions did divide and brew.

XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey
By *Intuition* in his own large Breast,
Where all the rich *Ideas* of them lay,
That were the Rule and Measure to the rest.

XXVII. When

XXVII.

When such *Heroick Vertue* Heaven sets out,
The Stars like *Commons* fullenly obey ;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
And therefore is a Tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high-spring our foreign Conquests flow,
Which yet more Glorious Triumphs do portend,
Since their Commencement to his Arms they owe,
If Springs as high as Fountains may ascend.

XXIX.

He made us *Freemen* of the *Continent*,
Whom Nature did like Captives treat before,
To Nobler preys the *English Lyon* sent,
And Taught him first in *Belgian Walks* to roar.

XXX.

That Old unquestioned Pirate of the Land,
Proud *Rome*, with Dread, the Fate of *Dunkirk* har'd ;
And trembling wish'd behind more *Alpes* to stand,
Although an *Alexander* were her Guard.

XXXI.

By his Command we Boldly crost the Line,
And Bravely fought where *Southern Stars* arise,
We trac'd the far fetch'd Gold unto the Mine,
And that which Brib'd our Fathers made our Prize.

XXXII.

Such was our Prince, yet own'd a Soul above
The highest *Arts* it could produce to shew :
Thus poor *Mechanick Arts* in publick move,
Whilst the deep Secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor Dy'd he when his Ebbing Fame went less,
But when fresh Lawrels Courted him to live ;

He

He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what Triumphs Earth can give.

XXXIV.

His latest Victories still thickest came,
As, near the *Center*, *Motion* does increase ;
Till he press'd down by his own weighty Name,
Did like the *Vestal*, under Spoils de cease.

XXXV.

But first the *Ocean* as a Tribute sent,
That Giant *Prince* of all her watery Heard,
And th' *Isle* when her *Protecting* *Genius* went
Upon his *Obsequies* loud sighs conferr'd.

XXXVI.

No Civil Broils have since his Death arose,
But *Faction* now by *Habit* does obey ;
And Wars have that respect for his Repose,
As Winds for *Halcyons*, when they breed at Sea.

XXXVII.

His *Ashes* in a Peaceful Urn shall rest,
His Name a great Example stands to show
How strangely high Endeavours may be blest,
Where *Piety* and *Valour* joyntly go.

FINIS.

